

Dear mother
the battle is over

Song AND Chorus

BY
HENRY FONTRILL.

3

CHICAGO.

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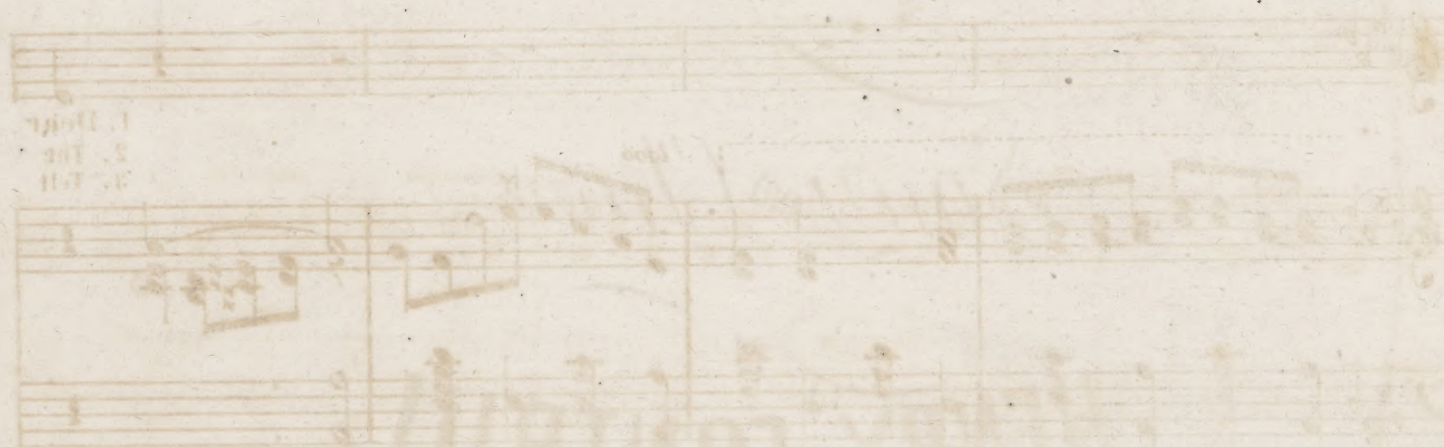
DEAR MOTHER THE BATTLE IS OVER

HERBY FORTNELL

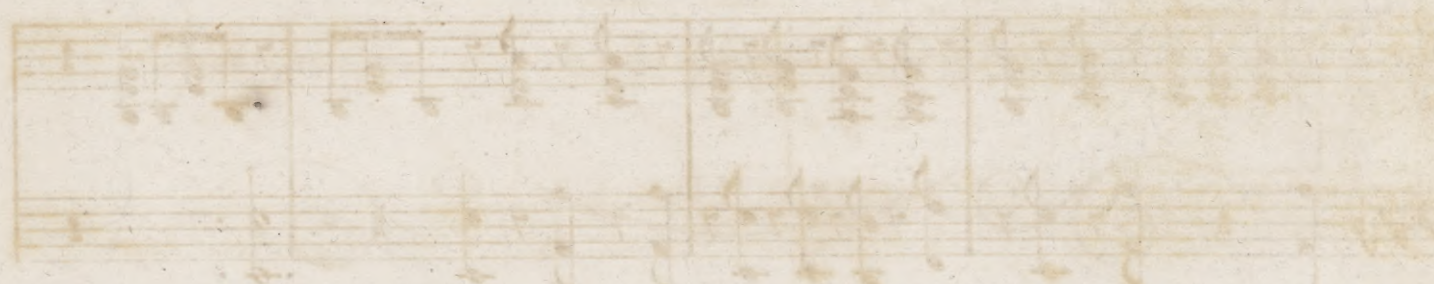
For



1. Tenor
2. Alto
3. Bass



... the battle is over - we're home - and our dear ones are
... and rest - the weary - the weary - the weary - the weary -
... the weary - the weary - the weary - the weary - the weary -



DEAR MOTHER THE BATTLE IS OVER.

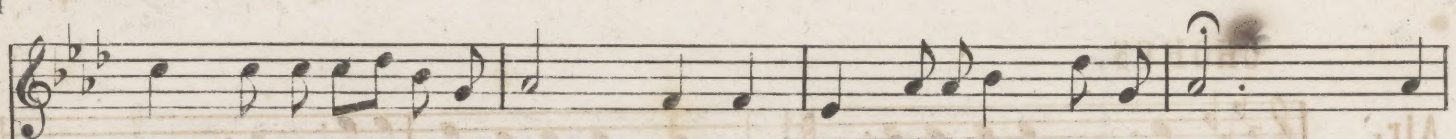
HENRY FONTRILL.

8va.

loco.

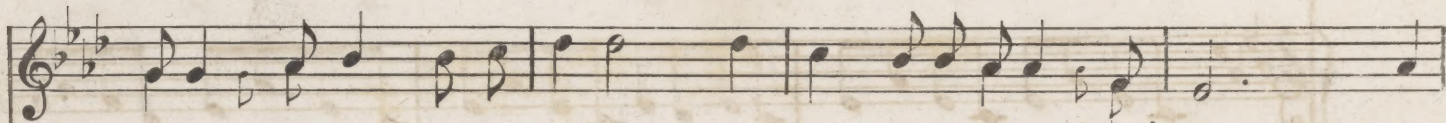
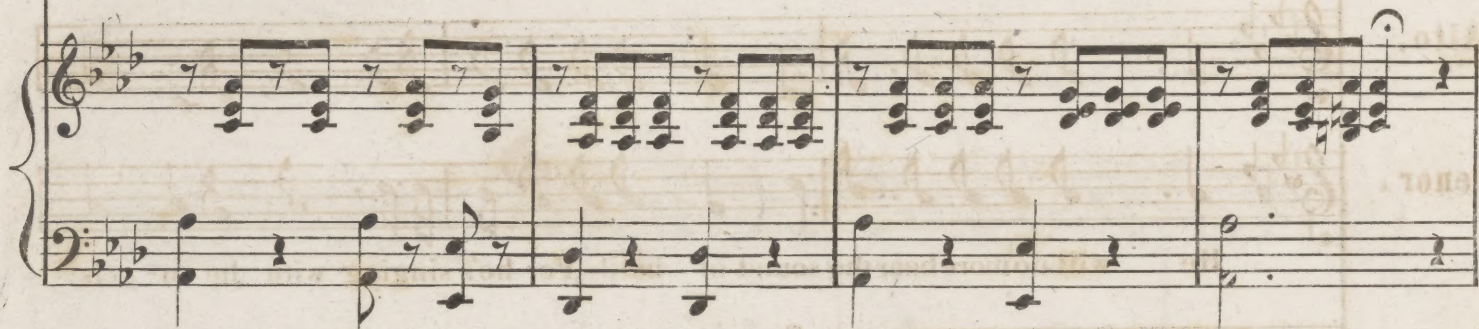
1. Dear
2. The
3. Tell

mother the bat-tle is o - ver, We've bur - ied our dead where they fell; That
battle was bloody and fear - ful, And brave - ly he fought with the foe; We
mother I died like a sol - dier, He said as I knelt at his side; He



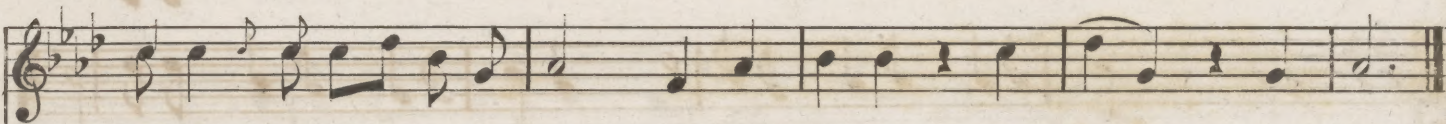
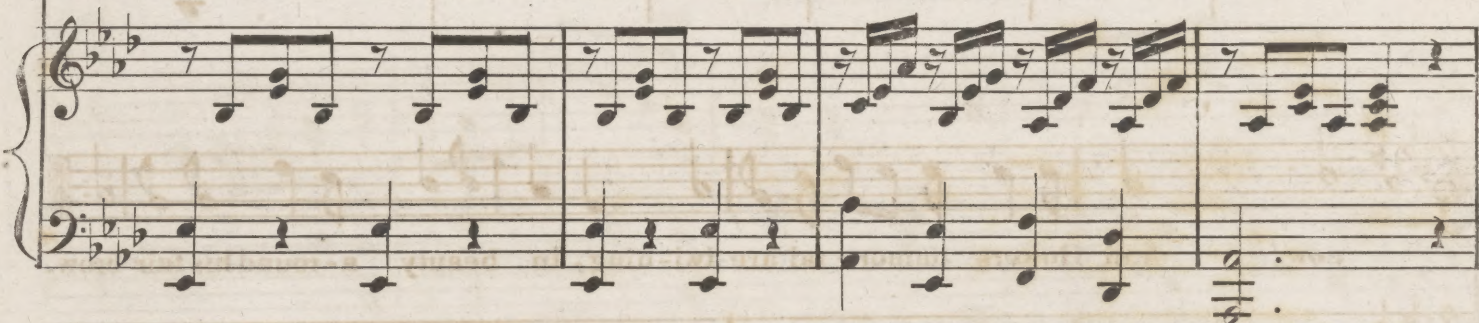
hardest of du-ties is fin - ish'd, And now I've a sad tale to tell.
drove them like dust from our path - way, But ma - ny a brave boy lies low;
op - end his eyes for a mo - ment, Then press - ing my hand smild and died!

Dear
Where
And



mother your heart will be breaking, With grief for the spirit that's fled,
fiercest the strife and the conflict, I saw him press gallant - ly on;
there with his com - rades a - round him, We fold - ed his hands on his breast,

Oh,
He
And

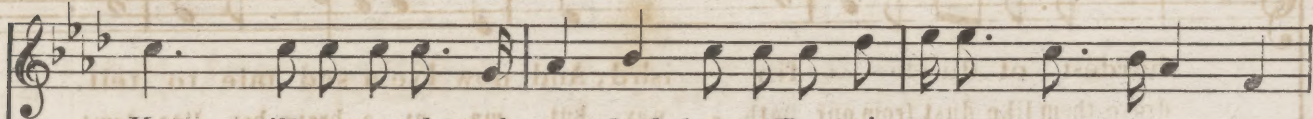


mother, God help you to bear it, For Willie your darling is dead.
fell as we fired the last vol - ley, Fell just when the victory was won.
wrapped in the flag he de - fend - ed We laid him for - ev - er at rest.



CHORUS.

Air.

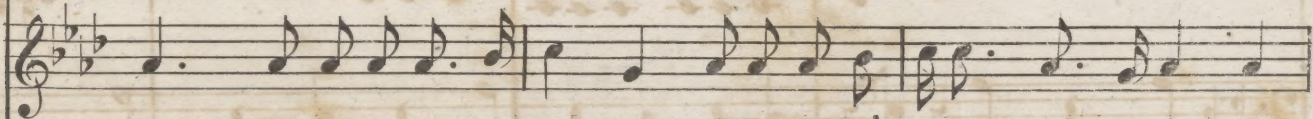


He will no more hear the sound of battle, For he's singing with the an-gels

Alto.

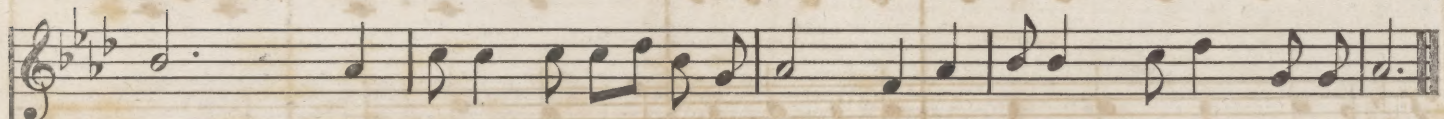
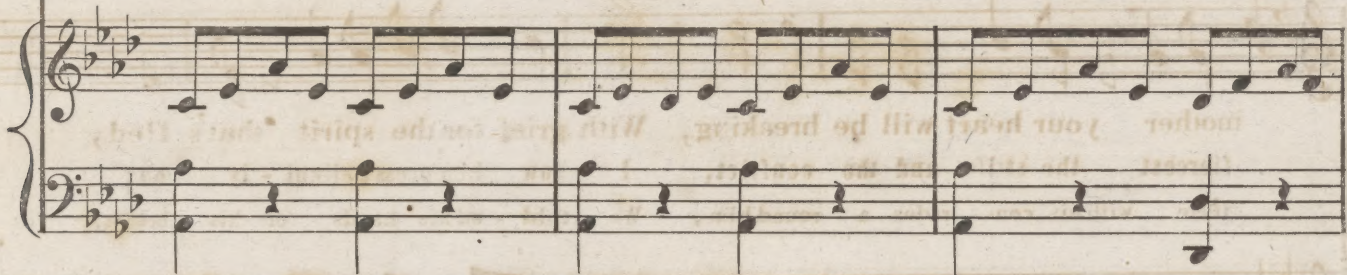
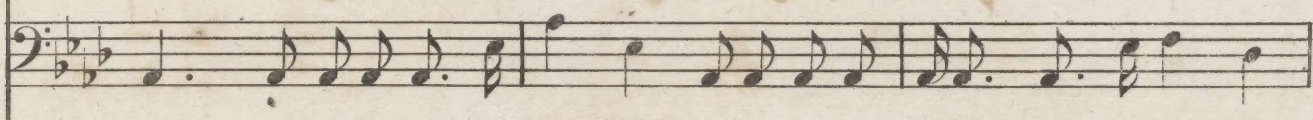


Tenor.

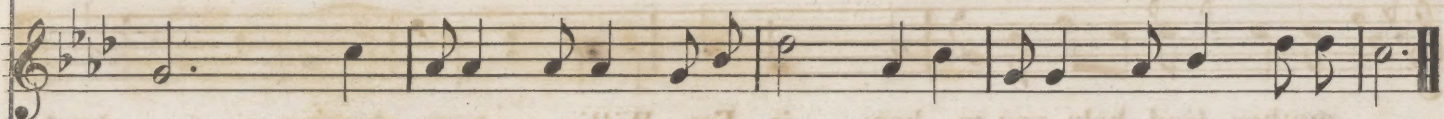
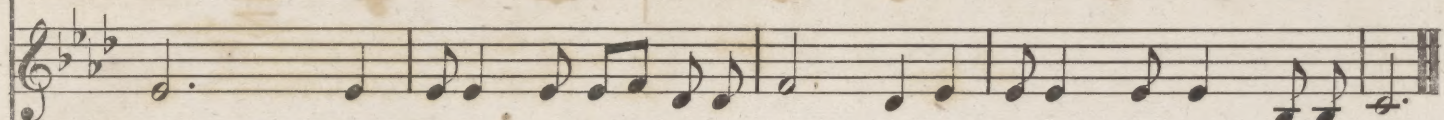


He will no more hear the sound of battle, For he's singing with the an-gels

Bass.



now, And flowers immor-tal are twi-ning, In beauty a-round his fair brow.



now, And flowers immor-tal are twi-ning, In beauty a-round his fair brow.

